# WEEKLY MONITOR.

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TO PLAN THE LABORS OF DOMESTIC EASE.....BENEATH THE SACRED SHADE OF GENTLE PEACH.
PLEDG'D TO NO PARTY'S ARBITRARY SWAY.....I FOLLOW TRUTH WHERE E'ER IT LEADS THE WAY.

*PHILADELPHIA, SEVENTH-DAY, TENTH MONTH 27, 1804.*


## *ESSAYS.*

*For the Weekly Monitor.*

COMMUNICATION.

WE are not all equally interested in hearing of the wars and discords among men. There are those who have an equal pleasure in information exhibiting the better aspects of human society,—the progress of religion,—the ground of all rational refinement as well as of future hope. When we reflect upon what Britain *was*, and *is*, we may well regard with interest the steps by which Providence conducts a people from rudeness to religion in its fair robes of innocence and love. I am therefore induced to state some particulars of the present religious state of our brethren of Kentucky, as have been represented by a person of intelligence and veracity, recently arrived from thence.

The mention of Kentucky will doubtless call to mind the idea of the extraordinary movements that have not long since distinguished the Western Country people, and the church history of our day. The ways of Providence are wonderful, and suited to circumstances; which, if new and various, so are his dispensations to suit them. The Camp Meetings, and uncommon excitation in them, have, however, under the Divine superintendance, wrought a mighty change in the habits and devotion of the place—which, from being loose and irreligious, and widely infidel, is now represented to be quite the contrary; the people being observed to be uncommonly attentive to religious worship, and guarded in their conduct and conversation.

Our informant states, that a new religious society is instituted in Kentucky, composed of divers descriptions of people, to which numbers were attaching themselves daily. They are the original Camp-meeters; and are denominated there, "New-lights," and by others "Jerkers;" from their irregular motions when under their religious impressions. What their distinguishing tenets were, or if they had any, he did not add. He informs however, that something of a *community of goods* has taken place among them;—was much as he understood, that they gave up to the use of the society those lands of theirs that were not in immediate occupation.—He adds, that whilst in Kentucky he witnessed a woods-meeting of those people, computed at a number no less than 15,000. Their practice was, to fall trees in the woods, and sit upon the logs.

Our informant also states, that during his stay in the State, he heard no bad language, nor saw scarce any apparent vice, of any kind,—nor heard the indecencies of blasphemy and infidelity, which a few years ago, were to the writer's personal knowledge, so frequent and disgustful. Several eminent characters, that had been known as revilers of religion, had acknowledged their conviction of Christianity, and as professors were leading the sober lives required thereby.—So remarkable a change for the better, among a large people, is to be ascribed by the candid and intelligent observer to no less than the finger of God, and must be as felicitous in its effects to the people, its subjects, as grateful to the ears of the philanthropist in its report.

Similar observations, it is supposed may be extended to the neighboring States of Ohio and Tenessee; and if unfortunately this statement be found unjustified by the verity of any of the facts, it is in the power of the Editors of those States to correct it.

MELANCTHON.

## THE PASSENGER.—No. IV.

IT is too frequently the case, said the gentleman, that the domestics in a family, have grown up, not to say have been educated, amidst rude manners and corrupt morals. Under restraint, in presence of those they serve, it may be a long time before the heads of the family obtain information of the base examples, which, (when that restraint is off) they are daily exhibiting before the children, who gradually imbibe the pernicious habits of their inferiors, and at an early season become mimics in rudeness and in vice. These habits, which must not be displayed within the observation of their parents, beget a disrelish to their home, and a desire to be abroad, where full liberty may be indulged, among associates of similar inclinations; and this desire is gratified by the parents, without a suspicion of its origin, or consequences. The evil associations of the street continue adding lessons to those of the kitchen, until some gross misdemeanor awakes the astonishment and regret of the parents, to the exercise of their imagination, in wondering how their children could acquire base habits, and of their judgment, in endeavors to eradicate them.

This evil, said the lady, is principally owing to the great difficulty of obtaining domestics of good character, and the constant changes which are made in their

places of residence; our cities are generally suffering under these complaints, nor can I think of any mode by which they may be redressed.

True, said he, some of the first seeds of moral evil are often sown by those whom we consider as in too low a station of life to have any influence in society; their passions and their habits are the only superiors they submit to, from having been under no institution or subordination; and when at liberty they are governed by those impulses alone, to the great injury of the rising generation, who acquire many unamiable habits from this source. But as in cases of difficulty, I make it a rule *never to despair*, I have hopes that this evil, which is so generally lamented, will in some future day be redressed, particularly as it appears to me that a variety of measures might be adopted for the purpose, some of which would undoubtedly be effectual.

An involuntary exclamation of terror here transferred the attention of the passengers from the discourse, to a young lady in the coach, who appeared to be near fainting. We were just entering a seaport town, and upon suddenly turning a corner, an object, which was passed unnoticed, or unregarded by the other passengers, had caught *her* attention, and produced this effect. It was a man stretched at length on one side of the street, with his face partly covered. Why, said one of the passengers, did you never before see a man drunk? I thought—said she, Oh! I thought he had been murdered! A loud laugh ensued;—the color, which by the fright had forsaken her youthful countenance, now returned, and by a delicate suffusion, expressed the mortification which succeeded her terrors. She apologized for the alarm she had given, by informing us, that she was the daughter of a clergyman in a retired part of the country, where she had not been familiarized to those scenes, and that she was now going to pay her first visit to the city, to see a sister who had been lately settled there. She observed that she had been reading in the late papers, numerous accounts of the murders which had been committed; that they had made a deep impression upon her mind; and that this unexpected sight, which so suddenly met her observation, and struck her, as one of those shocking instances.

She then inquired if it were possible, that this debasement of human nature by intoxication, had become so common a spectacle in our cities, as to pass unnoticed by the traveller, and unregarded by the police or the magistrate. She was informed that it was really so; and further, that it was an evil not so easily to be prevented in a republican government.—She replied with an acknowledgement of her total ignorance of the term "republican government," and asked if it meant a government which nourished vice.—Nourish vice! a republican government nourish vice! No, miss! a republican government, is the most virtuous of any government on earth, miss! This was uttered with so much vehemence, by one of the men who had before taken an interest in the dispute at the tavern, that the young lady, fearing she had given offence, apologized by observing, that her question was designed only for obtaining information, without the most distant idea of giving umbrage to any one. Her informant felt not, that his irritability had wounded her feelings, and was proceeding to shew his anger by some unpleasant remarks, when the address of the elderly gentleman was again called into exercise, to restore harmony.

That term *umbrage*, said he, which you, miss, very properly used just now, reminds me of a humorous anecdote wherein that word makes a conspicuous figure. In a narrative of an overland journey to India, written by Donald Campbell, Esq. I met with the following story.

"During the late American war, about that period when the King of France was manifesting an intention to interfere and join the Americans, a worthy Alderman in Dublin, reading the newspaper, observed a paragraph, intimating, that in consequence of British cruisers having stopped some French vessels at sea, and searched them, France had taken *umbrage!* The sagacious Alderman, more patriotic than learned, took the alarm, and proceeded with the paper in his hand, directly to a brother of the board, and, with unfeigned sorrow deplored the loss his country had sustained, in having a place of such consequence as UMBRAGE ravished from it! desiring to be informed in what part of the world *Umbrage* lay. The other, after a torrent of invective against ministers, answered that he could not tell, but it must be a place of importance, said he, for I have often heard it mentioned. They then waited on a neighboring bookseller for information, who told them he believed there was no such place, but upon their triumphantly reading the paragraph from the newspaper, he shrewdly told them that he supposed *Umbrage* lay somewhere on the coast of America. They retired partly satisfied, while the arch book-seller spread the story over the city.—The papers were filled with satirical squibs—caricature prints recorded the patriotism of the magistrates, and a mob at their heels huzza'd for the taking of *Umbrage*, until their political zeal was cooled to a temperature more consistent with their information."

By the time the laugh subsided, which had been produced by this anecdote, the stage stopped, to put up for the night.

[*Boston Weekly Mag.*

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## *THE RECLUSE: Or,*

### REFLECTIONS IN RETIREMENT.

*By an Old Moralist.*

### ON FRIENDSHIP.

The desire to sacrifice every personal gratification to the interest of your friend, is one of the sweetest emotions of the human heart. When this desire arises from principle, it then becomes a virtue.

When a man is endowed with this disposition, what joy must be spread around him! how permanent must be his friendship! how numerous his friends! how delightful must be the temper of his mind! for the pleasure he affords wherever he appears, must convince him of the justness of his dealings, and of the probity of his character.

At the sight of a fellow-creature in distress, the benevolence of such a man expands; he runs to his relief, thanking heaven for selecting him to be the minister of peace, to one plunged deep in misery. The esteem of this friend to mankind, is of the most lasting quality: it is not (as is generally the case) to be swerved or shaken by the storms of adversity. He takes no thought for himself, but will readily give up his happiness to assist, or contribute towards the welfare of his friend.

The pleasure which we taste in the society of those we esteem, would be rendered insipid, were each to think of nothing but his own advantage. Some peoples' memories are more retentive of the good and evil services they receive than others. These I would not select: but were I to chuse a friend, he should be one, watchful to embrace and magnify every benefit he received, and willing to bury in oblivion the evil actions which

were done him. Few there are of this description; and when one is found, he should be nurtured as the pattern of every virtue: for the man who strictly adheres to this principle, cannot possibly be guilty of great deviations from goodness. On the contrary, he who is eager to create an evil where none exists, cannot be constant to himself, or friend, for any length of time; he will fabricate miseries, and then repine at them: in short, his whole life must be a series of wretchedness and disappointment.

One of the chief endowments requisite to complete a friend, is liberality. It is as impossible for a person void of this virtue, to form a durable esteem, as it is for a miser to be solicitous about doing a generous action. It is in the first place essential, to store his mind with a readiness to forgive an injury when committed; and also to guard against the notion of having suffered one before it is meant. In the next place it is particularly necessary to endue him with a proper inclination to sustain his friend (as far as is in his power) in the calamities which may naturally occur: then is the time to put a person's friendship to the test; for it is not boasting, or high-flowing asseverations of constancy and zeal, which tend to substantiate a character: if a man wishes to set forth his virtue, he must contend, not with words, but deeds.

How mortifying must it be to perceive those marked assiduities which you have employed, received with indifference! How rending to a fond and feeling heart, to perceive the friend in whom you have confided, after a long absence, disavow your acquaintance, apparently from no cause; to perceive the companion of your youth, slight, and treat you with contempt; and all, perhaps, because fortune hath frowned upon you, sorrow hath washed away your smiles, adversity hath despoiled you of elegance and grandeur! This I have often beheld with regret; and, throughout my whole life, I have known but two men who have steered clear of this rock; who have viewed the wrecks of calamity break away from under the staggering footsteps of their friends, and been proud to catch them from the waves.

When such characters as these occur, how bright they shine among the rubbish of those dull beings, who are ashamed of doing good; and whose constant labor is to spread destruction! Impelled by envy directed to the virtuous and the prosperous, like harpies, they scatter contagion wherever they go; sowing sedition in the breasts of those whose happiness they know themselves unable to enjoy.

If the idea of being beloved by all who know us, is a prize worth obtaining; if the soothing conviction of being at peace in our minds, is to be valued as a blessing; how is it that men act so widely contrary to the manner in which they are to be won? Every individual has it in his power to act right; and if he willingly stray from the right path, what can it be imputed to, but his own negligence and folly? Surely, to forsake a friend, is not only a breach of friendship, but it is an instance of hypocrisy. Is it not deceit, to extort the secrets of a person's heart, under the guise of regard? Is it not base dissimulation, to ingratiate yourself with a noble soul, whose generosity led it to judge of others by itself; then contemptuously to disown him as a friend, and treat him with scorn, for having been so credulous as to confide in the truth of man?

In what a different light we behold the man who holds stedfast to his last breath, the opinion which he first espoused; who thinks himself miserable, unless with his friend, whether in good fortune or adversity! How mutual is the esteem of two such hearts! with what delight they recognize the day which first formed their acquaintance! they bless their Creator for the happiness they enjoy; and spend their lives in a reciprocal interchange of benefits.

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*From the Alexandria Daily Advertiser.*

## ON BRINGING UP CHILDREN.

*With Ideas of higher stations and more expensive modes of living, than they will be able to support on the death of their Parents.*

Philosophers have often compared individuals of the human race to the various animals of the irrational creation.—Some are said to resemble foxes, some hogs, and others asses; and the resemblance has been supposed to be so great as to contribute something to the support of the Pythagorean Metempsychosis. I believe the philosophers would not have erred if, while they were reciting resemblances, they had said, that a great part of mankind are like the peacock, which appears to take its greatest pleasure, and to place its chief good, in the display of its gaudy finery. As to the transmigration of souls, some have thought that so great an attention to the beautiful appearance of the body, argues something in these persons against the existence of the soul at all; so that I do not pretend to corroborate from the circumstance of their likeness to the bird of Juno, the whimsical doctrine of the old Philosopher.

To figure to the utmost extent of their ability, is the scope of people of fashion; as to expand the plumage of its tail in all its pride is the supreme bliss of the peacock, whose internal qualities and real value (which by the way, are in that respect like the vain votaries of fashion,) by no means correspond with the ostentatious appearance.

As the desire of distinction is natural, so the wish to make a figure, even in externals, while it is limited by right reason, and urges not to the violation of prudence and justice, is innocent at least, though scarcely laudable. But it is found in this age to lead to an expensive mode of living, and to the affection of a splendor greatly above what the rank requires, and the fortune can support.

The house must be larger, the servants more numerous, the table more luxurious, and the equipage more splendid, than either a sense of decorum, or a prudential regard to the permanent interests of the family can admit. And what is the inducement? The hope of being received into company which assumes the envied title of the people of fashion. The aspirants to this honor are indeed freely received; but if it be suspected that they make a show without much substance to support it, they are commonly held in low esteem; and the subterfuges they are obliged to use to conceal their inferiority, renders the state, which after much difficulty they have obtained, truly uneasy. They indeed enjoy in fancy, the pleasure of gratified pride, and are too rapidly whirled in the circcle which they have chosen, to find leisure for reflection.—But this is a state which no rational creature, who possesses the faculty of which he boasts as his noble distinction, can deem desirable. And yet, for the sake of this distinction, what sacrifices are made?—Health, peace, and the plenty of competency, are the usual price of the dear bought purchase. Neither do these ostentatious people enjoy themselves sincerely, for they are conscious of imprudence and injustice; and however they may attempt to stifle the voice of reason, they will sometimes be compelled to hear

it; if not at the assembly and masquerade, yet on their pillows, and in their chamber, when after all their efforts to escape, they are under the unavoidable necessity of communicating with themselves, and of being still.

The creditors and the children of the numerous tribes who live above their rank and fortune, experimentally feel and deplore that my representation is not the fiction of a declaimer. The creditors wait so long for payment as to lose their profit in the interest, and so often rejoice if they receive ten shillings in the place of twenty. Many of them have been reduced to beggary by supplying the vain with the necessaries of life; for so it happens, that those who supply the vanities of life, are often paid with ostentatious liberality and alacrity: while he who sells bread, meat, and raiment, is obliged to take out a commission of a bankrupt, or sue in vain by a tedious and vexatious process of the law.

The children suffer cruelly. They are introduced to a walk of life which they must relinquish forever on the departure of their parents. The money that should have been kept as a reservoir to supply their wants during life, in adversity, and in old age, has flowed in profusion to furnish superfluities in the season of health and youth—Their sentiments, habits, pleasures, and prospects, are all in high life; yet their fortunes are such as must retain them in a state of dependance, if not in servitude. But supposing enough left to enable a large family to live in competent plenty, yet, as they have been used to ostentation and luxury, that plenty which would otherwise have afforded comfort, and been considered as a blessing, is viewed in the light of penury and meanness; and that middle station in which they were born, and might have enjoyed as much happiness as belongs to human nature, is considered by them as a fallen state. Consequently, instead of feeling and displaying a cheerful and contented gratitude, they murmer and repine at their unfortunate condition.

I knew a family, the father of which had an estate of five hundred a year.—There were five children to enjoy it with him while he lived, and to inherit it when he should die. But his lady was of opinion that he would serve his family most by introducing them into company and life, and forming valuable connections. The truth was, she loved a gay and dissipated life, and was too successful in persuading her husband to adopt her plan. A stile and mode of living was immediately engaged in, which would require, on the most moderate computation, one thousand a year. There was no mode of increasing the income, the father having no profession, and being above all trade. The whole time and attention of the family was devoted to dress, fashionable diversions, and visiting a circle of neighbors, some of whom were East India nabobs, baronets and lords. The consequence was unavoidable. On the death of their parents, the children found that every foot of land, and all the goods and chattels belonged to importunate creditors, who after having sustained a heavy loss, eagerly seized every remainder of property; so that they saw themselves, literally, not worth a single shilling.—They might, with much reason, be unhappy in their situation, as their hopes and prospects had once been so elevated; but their misery was much increased by their inability to render themselves useful in society, and to compensate the unkindness of their fortune by personal exertion; for they had learned nothing but the arts of dress, and the expensive modes of fashionable life. Two of the sons were sent to the East Indies by the interest of a compassionate neighbor; one took up the highway, and after a narrow escape, was obliged to transport himself into Africa; the daughters went into service, but being above it, were discharged with insults; but sick of attempting in vain, one died of disappointment, and the other sought dishonest bread in the misery of prostitution. So ends the splendor, the luxury, the pride of a family, which, if it could have been contented, with the comforts of a most valuable competency, might at this time have been flourishing in reputation, plenty and prosperity. I have known many cases where the misery of innocent children has been caused by the vanity of unthinking parents led astray, by the *ignis fatuus* of vanity, aping the manners of the high and fashionable life.

But what? is there no such thing as solid comfort with a moderate fortune, and in the middle state? Must we forever labor to leave the rank in which Providence has placed us, in order to relish our existence? Must we be guilty of injustice and cruelty, in order to be happy! Believe it not. Things are not so constituted. But the votaries of vanity, though they may possess a good share of natural understanding, are usually furnished but slenderly with philosophy and religion. They know not how to chuse for themselves the chief good, but blindly following the multitude, suffer themselves to be led in the journey of life, by the false light of a vapour, rather than by the certain guidance of the polar star, or the magnetic needle.

I wish I could induce them to consider duly the nature and value of solid comfort. But we do consider it, say they; we consider what pleases ourselves, and we pursue it with constancy. Are you convinced I ask in return, that what you pursue affords you pleasure; is it not true, on the contrary, that you live rather to please others than yourselves? You certainly live in the eyes of others, as vain and proud of externals and of trifles, as yourselves and in their applause and admiration you place your happiness.—So long as you can display the gaudy appearance of gaiety and ease you patiently submit to the real and total want of them. I urge you then again, to pursue solid comforts, and relinquish vanity. You ask me to describe what I mean by solid comforts. It is easy enough to conceive them; but as you desire it, I will attempt the obvious enumeration and then leave you to your own dispassionate and unprejudiced reflections.

These I think afford solid comfort; a quiet conscience, health, liberty, one's time one's own, or if not, usefully and innocently, and moderately employed by others—a freedom from inordinate passions of all kinds; a habit of living within one's income, and of saving something for extraordinary occasions; an ability arising from rational economy, to defray all necessary and expedient expences; a habit of good humor and aptitude to be pleased rather than be offended, a preparation for adversity, love of one's family, sincerity to friends, benevolence to mankind, and piety to God. Compare this state and these with those of affected people of fashion, embarrassed in circumstances, distressed by vain cares, tossed about by various passions and vain fancies, without any anchor to keep their frail bark from the violence of every gust. But it is not worth while to dilate on the comparison; let the hearts of the deluded votaries of vanity decide in the silence of the night season when they recline on their pillows, when the lights of the assembly are extinguished, and when the rattling of carriages are heard no more.

LUCUBRA.

### A CAUTION AGAINST THE ATTEMPTS OF *LIBERTINE WITS.*

The soul of man is eager after popularity and esteem; hence mankind is shocked by nothing more than by contempt; and they who can bear most uneasinesses, cannot bear to be made the objects of jest and derision. Nothing has more extinguished the virtuous principles in the minds of young gentlemen, than their incapacity of bearing a jest.—When a man of wit with a debauched nature, but ingenious ridicule, attacks a modest innocence, and exposes a religious behavior, the bashful youth, who is possessed of those amiable qualities, is too often put out of countenance; and not having philosophy enough to disregard their repeated raillery, becomes fashionably vicious, rather than be esteemed unpolitely innocent.

To guard against these libertine and merry wits we should consider whether that contempt they shew has any just foundation, or makes us seem contemptible in the eyes of the prudent part of mankind.

The praises of ill men are in themselves the worst satires: and on the other hand, their satires are the best encomiums they can pay. Thus thought Socrates, when, on account of his eminent virtue, he received in a public Theatre, the universal hiss of his fellow-citizens. He looked on the derision and hisses of wicked and ignorant men, as a manifest proof of his own piety and merit; and he might justly have looked on it as such; for no condemnation is so free from flattery, as the detestation of a wicked man.

Having said thus much to arm young gentlemen against the ridicule of witty debauchees, I would just give them a hint that what is called the best company is not the most innocent nor the wisest; and that those commonly styled men of figure, are such as a reasonable creature would often be ashamed to converse with. The acquaintance with men of fortune, when men of sense and virtue, is what all should be desirous of; but to give up our reason and our morality for the honor of debauching with a man of fortune or title, can be nothing but the ridiculous ambition of a fool.

OBSERVER.

## *MISCELLANY.*

### THE ICHNEUMON.

The Indian Ichneumon is a small creature, in appearance between a weazel and a mungoose. It is of infinite use to the natives from its inveterate enmity to snakes, which would otherwise render every footstep of the traveller dangerous. The proofs of sagacity which I have seen in this little animal are truly surprising, and afford a beautiful instance of the wisdom with which Providence has fitted the power of every animal to its particular situation on the globe. This diminutive creature, on seeing a snake ever so large, will instantly dart on it and seize it by the throat, provided he finds himself in an open place where he has an opportunity of running to a certain herb, which he knows instinctively to be an antidote against the poison of the bite, if he should happen to receive one. I was present at an experiment tried at Columbo, to ascertain the reality of this circumstance. The Ichneumon procured for the purpose was first shewn the snake in a close room. On being let down to the ground, he did not discover any inclination whatever to attack his enemy, but ran prying about the room to discover if there was any hole or aperture by which he might get out. On finding none, he returned hastily to his master, and placing himself in his bosom, could not by any means be induced to quit it or face the snake. On being carried out of the house, however, and laid down near his antagonist in an open place, he instantly flew at the snake and soon destroyed it. He then suddenly disappeared for a few minutes, and again returned, as soon as he had found the herb and eat of it. This useful instinct impels the animal to have recourse to the herb on all occasions, where it is engaged with a snake, whether poisonous or not. The one employed in this experiment was of the harmless kind, and procured for the purpose.

### A PEASANT AND AN EMPEROR.

A Persian emperor, when hunting, perceived a very old man planting a walnut tree, and advancing towards him asked his age. The peasant replied, "I am four years old." An attendant rebuked him for uttering such absurdities in the presence of the emperor. "You censure me without cause," replied the peasant, "I did not speak without reflection, for the wise do not reckon that time which has been lost in folly and the cares of the world; I therefore consider that to be my real age, which has been past in serving the deity, and discharging my duty to society." The emperor, struck with the singularity of the remark, observed, "Thou canst not hope to see the trees thou art planting come to perfection."—"True," answered the sage, "but since others have planted that we might eat, it is proper that we should plant for the benefit of others." "Excellent," exclaimed the emperor; upon which, as was the custom when any one was honored with the applause of the sovereign, a purse bearer presented the old man with a thousand pieces of gold. On receiving them, the shrewd peasant made a low obeisance, and added, "O king, other men's trees come to perfection, in the space of forty years, but mine have produced fruit as soon as they were planted.—"Bravo," said the monarch, and a second purse of gold was presented, when the old man exclaimed, "The trees of others bear fruit only once a year, but mine yield two crops in one day."—"Delightful!" replied the emperor, and a third purse of gold was given; after which, putting spurs to his horse, the monarch retreated, saying, "reverend father, I dare not stay longer, lest thy wit should extinguish my treasury."

### ON HUMAN LEARNING.

Dabschelim, King of the Indies, possessed a library so large that it required an hundred Bramins to revise and keep it in order, and a thousand dromedaries to carry the books. As he had no intention to read all it contained, he commanded his Bramins to make extracts from it, for his use, of whatever they judged most valuable in any branches of literature.—These doctors immediately undertook to furnish an abridgement, and after twenty years labor, composed from their several collections a small Encyclopedia, consisting of twelve thousand volumes, which thirty camels could scarcely carry. They had the honor to present this to the King, but were astonished to hear him say that he would not read a work which was a load for thirty camels. They then reduced their extracts so that they might be carried by fifteen, afterwards by ten, then by four, and then by two dromedaries. At last no more were left than were sufficient to load a mule of ordinary size. Unfortunately Dabschelim had grown old while his library was abridging and did not expect to live long enough to end this master-piece of learning. The sage Pilpay, his Visir, therefore thus addressed him:—"Tho' I have but an imperfect knowledge of the library of your

sublime Majesty, yet I can make a kind of analysis of what it contains, very short, but very useful—you may read it in a minute; yet it will afford you sufficient matter for meditation during your whole life."

At the same time, the Visir took the leaf of a palm tree, and wrote on it with a pencil of gold, the four following maxims:

"In the greater part of sciences there is only this single word, *perhaps*:—in all his history but three phrases—*they were born, they were wretched, and they died!*

"Take pleasure in nothing which is not commendable, and do every thing you take pleasure in. Think nothing but what is true, and utter not all you think.

"Oh ye Kings! subdue your passions, reign over yourselves, and you will consider the government of the world only as a recreation! Oh, ye Kings! Oh, ye Nations! listen to a truth you never can hear too often, and of which sophists pretend to doubt—*there is no happiness without virtue, and no virtue without the fear of God.*"

## PROVIDENTIAL DELIVERANCE.

The Leyden Gazette, of the 12th of December, 1785, gives the following account of the interposition of divine Providence in favor of a widow and her family, near Dordrecht, in the province of Holland. This industrious woman was left by her husband, who was an eminent carpenter, a comfortable house, with some land, and two boats for carrying merchandize and passengers on the canals. She was also supposed to be worth above ten thousand guilders, in ready money, which she employed in a hempen and sail-cloth manufactory, as the means not only of increasing her fortune, but of instructing her children (a son and two daughters) in those useful branches of business. One night, about nine o'clock, when the workmen were gone home, a person dressed in uniform, with a musket and broad-sword, came to her house, and requested lodging. "I let no lodging, friend," said the widow; "and besides, I have no spare bed, unless you sleep with my son, which I think very improper, being a perfect stranger to us all."—The soldier then shewed a discharge from Diesbach's regiment, (signed by the major, who gave him an excellent character,) and a passport from Compte de Maillebois, governor of Breda. The widow believing the stranger to be an honest man, as he really was, called her son, and asked him if he would accommodate a veteran, who had served the republic thirty years with reputation, with a part of his bed. The young man consented, and the soldier was hospitably entertained, and withdrew to rest. Some hours after, a loud thumping was heard at the street door, which roused the soldier, who stole softly down stairs, and listened at the hall. The blows were repeated, and the door almost broken thro' by a sledge hammer, or some heavy instrument. By this time the affrighted widow, and her daughters, were running about, and screaming murder! murder! but the son having joined the soldier, with a case of loaded pistols, and the latter screwing on his bayonet, and fresh priming his piece, which was well filled with slugs, desired the women to retire, as bloody work might be expected in a few minutes. Soon after, the door was burst in, and two fellows entered, and were instantly shot by the son, who discharged both his pistols at once. Two more returned the favor, from without, but without effect; and the intrepid veteran, taking immediate advantage of the discharge of their arms, rushing on them like a lion, ran one through the body with his bayonet, and whilst the other was running away, lodged the contents of his piece between his shoulders, and he dropped dead on the spot. They then closed the door as well as they could; re-loaded their arms; made a good fire; and watched till daylight, when a number of weavers and spinners came to resume their employment. We may guess their horror and surprise on seeing four men dead on a dunghill, where the soldier had dragged them before the door was shut. The burgomaster and his syndic attended, and took the depositions of the family relative to this affair. The bodies were buried in a cross-road, and a stone erected over the grave, with this inscription: "Here lie the wretched carcases of four unknown ruffians, who deservedly lost their lives in an attempt to rob or murder a worthy woman and her family. A stranger, who slept in the house, to which divine Providence undoubtedly directed him, was the principal instrument in preventing the perpetration of such horrid designs, which justly entitles him to a lasting memorial, and the thanks of the public. John Adrian De Vries, a discharged soldier, from the regiment of Diesbach—a native of Middleburgh, in Zealand—and upwards of seventy years old—was the David who slew two of these Goliahs; the rest being killed by the son of the family. *In honorem, et gratitudinis ergo, Dei optimi maximi, pietatis et innocentiae summi protectoris—magistratus et concilium civitatis Dortrechiensis hoc signum poni curavere*, xx. *die Nov. annoque salutaris humani*, 1785." The widow presented the soldier with one hundred guilders, and the city settled a handsome pension on him for the rest of his life.

## ON POLITICAL DIVISIONS.

"Although political division is the inevitable consequence of liberty, and said to be in a manner, necessary to perpetuate its existence, yet "there is a mean to all things." While it extends no farther than to create a watchful solicitude for the liberties of the people, it is to be countenanced; but when it extends beyond the sphere of political disquisition, and tends to create personal rancor, or to induce corrupt elections, and thereby to defeat the intentions of the constitution, it virtually defeats the whole object of government—for the intention of a good government is to promote the prosperity and security of individuals. But when neighbor harbors a rancorous antipathy against neighbor, prosperity ceases; and when political and tumultuous broils pervade the country, the citizens are no longer secure.

"Then let us go "to our farms and to our merchandize"—love our neighbors and salute our friends, regardless of the prevailing name, whether it be Federal, Republican, Jew, or Gentile. Let us endeavor to perpetuate our national existence, by checking the progress of the monster Vice, and introducing the goddess Religion, with her handmaid Virtue. For when intemperance, licentiousness, and the whole catalogue of eastern vices prevail in a republican government, the people grow turbulent and restless under rational restraint; form hasty and unjust notions of administration, which leads directly to anarchy, and ends in despotism.

Such candor and virtuous unanimity would teach those restless politicians, who are the sole cause of all our dissentions and difficulties, that they must either sink into obscurity, or court popular favor with real merit. Our country would consequently be relieved from a

grievous calamity, by the introduction of peace and tranquility. There the husbandman might then sit, enjoying the good of his labor undisturbed; here the divine might freely unfold the sacred volume to his listening people without reproach; the youth of our land might ascend the grades of science, free from the danger of the poisonous breath of political discord; hills, valleys and woods would resound with vocal song, and time itself begin to roll anew."

## *WEEKLY REGISTER.*

### Of New-Orleans.

From our regular correspondence with that place we shall give some few extracts, of a miscellaneous nature, and in the familiar style, which will serve either to inform or amuse our readers.

BEE.

"*July* 18.

"It is now the dull season of the year, all the vessels having gone off with the produce of the country, not to return till the next crop. The rich French merchants, who own and occupy the best houses and stands for business, hold on to the exclusion of our adventuring Americans. The Catalonians are the grocers and dram sellers, and are well off, and hold also the whole of the best stands in the place for their business.—Take, therefore, the dull season and all together, you may well conceive that things are not brilliant. But that which has heretofore fattened these two classes of people is destroyed by the absence of the Spanish government and its retainers, who shared among them about a million of dollars per annum. The character of the country is now on the point of changing, or rather has already passed the meridian, and must shortly become totally American, which event will oblige the aforesaid people to decamp. The country will, with the advantages of the American government, agriculture and commerce, rival the finest part of the world. The French and Spaniards, with E. Livingston at their head, are striving to raise a cabal; they are extremely dissatisfied, without knowing that the remedy to their evil is impossible; the straw they hold on to at present is the erection of this country into a state—having a majority of votes, they hope to be able to have a French government in toto. In that case, with their disputes, their revolution, their mistaking their capacity to govern and the object of wealth, the Union would be obliged in less than two years to send an army to rout them out. I fell in with three Frenchmen who introduced the subjects of grievance to me, but the total of what they advanced was so futile and childish that I was obliged to pity them.

"22*d*. The country is of itself the finest, and the situation of the city for commerce the most noble, but it is at this moment the most wretched in point of buildings and accommodations that could possibly be, for so rich, old and commercial a place, situated in a country than which none is more susceptible of extreme wealth. The levee is a bank hove up by art to repress the flood that occurs once a year; this bank in front of the town is about eight feet high; the town is laid out in strrets at right angles; the front street is in a line parallel to the levee, distant from it about eighty or ninety yards. The levee does not decline, with a regular, gradual slope towards the city, but is as sudden as that part of the Greenwich road near Lispenard's, (N. York) and much like it in appearance. The row of houses fronting the levee is the grand place for business, though exposed to the sun the whole morning. In this row, with public buildings and unoccupied lots, about one fifth is lost to commerce; one half of the whole are one story buildings. Then, except the street spoken of, in the town, the buildings taken together are composed of miserable sheds of one story in height. Here and there in the interior of the town are excellent buildings, at the rate of one two story to fifteen single story houses and sheds. There are besides these a great number of lots unoccupied.

"25*th*. The mouth of the river is about 120 or 130 miles from Orleans, and unluckily we entered it while at its highest flood or nearly so, which makes the navigation tedious in the extreme; however we came up to within 5 or 6 miles of the town in 5 or 6 days; I then walked the remaining distance: some of the other passengers had left us several days before, and had procured places in boarding-houses. Three of us are in a French house, where we pay 1 dollar a day each; we breakfast between 7 and 8, upon coffee, soft eggs, and a variety of meats, &c. at dinner we have as great a variety of viands and vegetables as the country affords; at between 7 and 8 in the evening, we have tea, and a variety of meats, &c. again.

"The weather has been, excepting the two last days, extremely hot, and the musquetoes are without numbers or mercy. During the day they do not molest us, but as soon as the evening sets in they swarm upon us. Each bed is furnished with musquetoe curtains.

"To give you an idea of the navigation of the river in the time of the flood, I will just mention, that our brig was 8 days before she got the 6 miles distance at which I had left her below the town; she was 5 or 6 days of the time within 1-2 miles of the town, and then in an attempt to get under way got into the stream and drove 1-2 miles below the town. You must understand she was when I left her on the same side of the river with the town, but to avoid the current she had got obliquely opposite to it, and then drove down. When we had been 4 days in the river we overtook 8 vessels—one had been working up three weeks, another six weeks. At other seasons of the year the current is moderate and the winds stronger. The heats of the day and the heavy dews at night occasion much sickness in the crews of the vessels; on board of our's they have all been sick but one.

"We have muskmelons of 20 odd lbs. weight; watermelons at 6d a piece sufficiently large for 5 or 6 men to eat. The other fruits are peaches, apples, figs and cucumbers, and a variety of tropical fruits that you dont know. In fact it is much like New-York in summer."

### HYMENEAL RECORD.

Married, on the 28th ult. in Friend's meeting, at Providence, Del. County, *Thomas Dent* to *Mary Dunn*, both of that place.

On the 18th inst. at Friend's meeting at Middletown, Bucks County, *Ezra Comly*, to *Sarah Strickland*, both of that place.

*SAMUEL FOLWELL,*

MINIATURE AND PROFILE PAINTER,

Has removed from Moravian Alley, to

*No.* 101, *South Fifth-street, opposite Bilington's Brewery,*

Will be thankful for a share of public favour.

☞ *Profiles elegantly painted at One Dollar.*

N. B. Mrs. Folwell respectfully informs the ladies, that she still continues her Embroidery School, in a more convenient and pleasant situation than formerly.

Oct. 20.

## POETRY.

### THE MOSS-COVERED COT.

IN yon moss-cover'd cot, that's with ivy o'er spread,
The poor village cottager dwells;
There freely distributes his honest earn'd bread,
As the plain rustic story he tells.

While his children sit smiling around him so gay,
Or climb up his knee for a kiss,
For the bread they receive filial duty they pay,
And make it the cottage of bliss.

In the flower-woven bow'r, by the side *of* the cot,
Return'd from the toils of the day,
'Midst his fam'ly he sits, his fatigues are forgot;
They smile all his sorrows away.

'Tis a lov'd virtuous wife that adorns his neat cot;
Her looks are good humor'd and gay:
Thus bless'd with a partner, content with his lot,
He smiles in the eve of his day.

### ODE TO ENCOURAGEMENT.

IN ages past, when Time was young,
Ere Nature's bard inspir'd, had sung,
Love's wiles, or War's renown;
Great Jove the dawn of Science blest,
And sent to fan th' inventive breast,
A bright celestial down.

She came—o'er Greece she cast her eye;
Genius she saw neglected lie,
And took him to her arms:
She bade him hope a happier hour;
Her soothing voice, with magic pow'r,
His cheerless bosom warms.

And soon the canvass learn'd to glow,
The Muse to melt the soul with woe;
And music charm the ears:
The sluggish, rough, insensate stone,
Impassion'd does this influence own,
And Nature's self appears.

Then Learning rear'd her head sublime,
And Man, Experience snatch'd from Time,
By faithful History's light:
And Grecia's sons in Virtue grew,
In Wisdom, and in Pleasure too,
Till Freedom took to flight.

Scar'd at the Despot's iron sway,
She fled, and westward bent her way,
Where flourish'd Freedom's wreath:
Again the marble mimics life,
Soft music lulls the soul at strife,
The canvass seems to breathe.

Sweet Nymph! of heart-reviving tone!
May I thy pleasing influence own,
And share thy lively smile,
May generous Emulation run
Through ev'ry noble-minded Son,
Of Freedom's fav'rite Isle.

### THE POOR BLIND LAD.

"GIVE something to a poor blind lad;"
And listen to my humble ditty,
And when you've heard my story sad,
You cannot sure withhold your pity.

For tho' a wand'ring orphan now,
I once was call'd my Father's joy;
And oft I've heard my Mother vow,
She never saw a prettier boy.

Past valued days!—I then could view
With careless eye the verdant fields;
And now, alas! I've bid adieu
To all the charms that Beauty yields.

Ah me! ere yet I knew their worth,
My dearest friends were snatch'd away!
And dire Misfortune, from my birth,
Had mark'd me for her proper prey.

To bring the wealth of India home,
My father brav'd the briny wave:
Would he had never known to roam!
For soon he found a wat'ry grave.

A foul eruption seiz'd my frame,
Small-pox of a most dreadful kind,
Alas! too late a good man came,
Intent to cure, but found me blind!

My Mother, overwhelm'd with grief,
And by continual troubles worn,
Soon from her sorrows found relief—
She died, and left me quite forlorn.

And now I wander blind and poor,
Depriv'd of both my Mam and Dad;
And plaintive cry, from door to door,
"Give something to a poor Blind Lad."

From the Balance.

*The Uncertainty of Human Expectations.*

### A VISION.

ZEPHYRS, gentle, kiss'd the billows
Softly sweet the Linnet sung,
Sol had fled, the weeping willows
O'er the green wave loosely hung:
Free from care, then forth I wander,
Courting, gay, the fragrant air,
Where a rill, in wild meander,
Rang'd the meads of Hudson fair.
On its mossy banks reclined,
Morpheus clos'd my weary eyes,
Gentle dreams my soul entwined—
Lo! what pleasing visions rise!
Heavenly music, in full quire,
Seem'd to swell on ev'ry breeze,
Sounds, which e'en could rocks inspire,
Echoed through the neighb'ring trees—
'Twas the blooming nymph Annette,
Who her fine-ton'd lute did tune,
And, alone, in strains most sweet,
Hymn'd it to the list'ning moon.
Blushing beauty, in each feature,
Sat, unconscious of its sway,
While the sloe-eyed, lovely creature
Thus awoke her plaintive lay—
"Where—O! where—as thus I wander,
"Pensive o'er the wid'ning plain,
"Sleeps the youthful swain, Alcander,
"He, who causes all my pain,
"Knew he half the cares and sorrow,
"Which my smother'd flames conceal,
"E'er the sun had hail'd the morrow,
"He my my bleeding heart would heal.
"Would I were some mourning turtle,
"Mid these wood-land shades to dwell,
"Perch'd on some wide branching myrtle,
"In his ears my grief's I'd tell—
"Soon I'd turn his heart to pity,
"Soon each tender passion move,
"Soon I'd make him own Annette
"Was the nymph his soul did love.
"But alas! such vain desires
"Ne'er can alter nature's law,
"Nor can cupid's gentle fires
"E'er be quench'd while breath I draw.
"I will, thetefore, hasten to him,
"Banish terror's vain alarms,
"And with gentlest kisses woo him,
"Folded in my loving arms."
Whilst she sung, well pleas'd I listen'd,
Till she thus, had clos'd the strain,
Then to meet her glad I hasten'd,
O'er the dew-besprinkled plain.
Soon my vision'd form she spied,
As, elate, I near her drew,
Quick, with joyful voice she cried,
"Blest Alcander—is it you!"
Hope, that ever-busy passion,
To my footsteps added wings,
Now, my fond imagination
Near my face, the maiden brings.
Strait, I stretch'd my arms to clasp her—
Then, though strange the tale may seem,
As I, eager, thought to grasp her,
Woke; and lo! 'twas but a *dream!*

Such, vain man, is your condition,
Such, the joys you proudly boast;
Wealth's the Maiden, Life the vision,
Death awakes you, all is lost.

ALCANDER.